

Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

VOL. 4.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1844.

No. 45.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 7 1/2 cts. per year, extra. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.

Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.

All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental Type, we are prepared to execute every description of

FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts,

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms

AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

JOHN H. MELICK,

CLOCK AND WATCH

MAKER,

STROUDSBURG, PA.

Informs the public generally, that he still continues the above business in all its various branches. He has on hand at all times an assortment of

Jewelry and Fancy Goods, which he is determined to sell at such prices as will suit the times.

The attention of the public is particularly called to his assortment of

SPECTACLES AND GLASSES for nearsighted and old persons—PLAIN WHITE, GREEN AND BLUE GLASSES. No charge will be made for showing them, if he cannot suit, no harm done.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!!

Brass eight day Clocks for \$14 00

Do thirty hour do 7 00

Wood do do from \$4 to 6 00

ALSO, an assortment of

WATCHES,

all warranted good time keepers, or will be repaired gratis.

Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry repaired at the shortest notice.

ALSO, an assortment of MAPS of the United States and World, varying from \$1 62 1-2 to 2 50—large size.

Violin Strings of all sizes—best quality.—Call and see for yourselves.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, as publishers of this paper, was on the 17th of August last, dissolved by mutual consent. All persons having demands against the said firm, will present them to Theodore Schoch for settlement, and all who are indebted thereto are requested to make immediate payment to him, he being authorized to receive the same.

THEODORE SCHOCH,
THOMAS L. KOLLOCK.

P. S. The Jeffersonian Republican will continue to be published by Theodore Schoch and F. E. Sperring, who respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.

THEODORE SCHOCH,
F. E. SPERRING.

Stroudsburg, Sept. 28, 1843.

STOVE-PIPE,

At Reduced Prices.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FOR SALE

STOVE-PIPE,

which he will sell at from 10 to 10 1-2 and 11 cents per pound, according to quality, for cash.

WANDEL J. BREIMER.

Stroudsburg, Oct. 5, 1843.

Straight Ahead.

DELAWARE ACADEMY.

The Winter session commenced November 6th and continues 24 weeks.

TERMS.

For common branches, \$2 00 per quarter.

Classics, 5 00

Board with the Principal, 1 50 per week;

not including incidental expenses.

IRA B. NEWMAN, Principal.

Dingman's Ferry, Pike co., Pa.

December 1, 1843.

120,000

Hard, Salmon and Soft Brick, for sale low, by

DEWITT'S & THRALL.

Millard, Dec. 14, 1843.

BLANK DEEDS

For sale at this office.

The Wife.

'Tis a wife, whose smiles of gladness
Falls, like sunbeams on thy breast—
Scattering all thy clouds of sadness,
Like the night-shades of the west,
And 'tis she, whose voice of pleasure
Comes, like music, o'er thy heart—
Comes—a sweet and soothing measure—
Joy and quiet to impart.

'Tis a wife, whose arms around thee
Twine, like ivy to the tree—
Arms that, when affliction found thee,
Clung in deeper sympathy;
And 'tis she, whose tender bosom,
Like a beautiful lily bed,
Covered all with snow-white blossom,
Pillows thy dejected head.

'Tis a wife, whose heart of feeling,
Like a stream of freshening flow,
Through the blooming meadows stealing,
Pours its balm upon thy wo;
And 'tis she, that rears beside thee,
Children, like the flowers of May—
Children who, when all beside thee,
Shall be at thy hand to stay.

The Fall of Alamo, or the Last Days of Crockett.

A pamphlet with this title has been issued in St. Louis; it is by John Henry Brown, a gentleman who has resided many years in La Vaca, Texas, and writes from observation and correct information derived by enquiry on the spot. It gives an account of Fannin's Massacre, as well as the battles of Conception, Goliad, San Antonio, and in fact the whole history of the war. We copy a part of the narrative of

THE DEATH OF CROCKETT.

Colonel Crockett, wounded and closely pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated into the church, felling them as they approached. He stationed himself in a niche, in the corner, determined to face the foe to the last, and sell his life dearly, with his favorite rifle and a superabundance of side-arms, he leaped and shot them down with the same awful certainty which was wont to characterize his indomitable spirit. His position rendered access to him utterly impossible, except by a direct and exposed approach in front; and after some eight or ten of them were laid dead before him, a feeling of awe seemed to seize hold of the assailants.—One of them, who could speak a little broken English, probably preferring to have the signal honor of capturing so noble a specimen of American valor, to present to his 'dread master,' said to Crockett, 'Surrender, senser.' A flash of the most sovereign scorn darted from the fiery eye, and as it pierced that of the enemy, he seemed to be transfixed. In a voice of thunder, Crockett answered—'Surrender! No! I am an American!' and as he spoke he sent a ball through the heart of the paralyzed foe. He appeared for the moment like a wounded tiger, strengthened and buoyed by each additional wound; now hewing them down with his well tried sword—next dealing death with his fire arms. His person was literally drenched with his own blood; his strength must soon yield to its loss. Yet such physical power, wrought to the highest degree of excitement, can perform incredible prodigies. This was the least concentrated energy of a powerful man, aroused, animated and guided by one of the noblest attributes of man—love of liberty. He knew for what his life was about to be sacrificed, that devastation and butchery would follow the footsteps of his heartless foe; that helpless women would be sacrificed to satiate the cruel desires of the conqueror; and, feeling the holy inspiration of a dying patriot, he fought manfully till the loss of blood and approach of death stayed his upraised arm: his rifle was broken to pieces, his pistols fell to the floor, and nothing but his faithful sword was left. In the agony of death with a terrible grasp, he brought this last weapon upon the head of the nearest assailant, and fell victoriously across his body, into the arms of death. In this corner of the church there were TWENTY-SIX dead Mexicans, and no other American having fought or fallen at that point, it is considered beyond all reasonable doubt that all of them fell by the hands of Tennessee's favorite son! All were now dead. Not a man left to relate the wonderful deeds of this illustrious band of heroes! Not a comrade left to rear a monument to their memory! But, ah! no monument is required to perpetuate their fame. So long as freedom has an abiding place in America, will their heroic deeds and proud names be held sacred!

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—It's as true as a book! A certain clergyman in N. H., from his pulpit recently put twenty-five of his congregation to sleep at one sitting!

An old lady who sold ale, being in church, fell asleep during service, and unluckily let fall her old fashioned clasped Bible, which making a great noise, she exclaimed, half awake—"So, you jade! there's another jug broke."

Napoleon's Heart.

When Bonaparte died at St. Helena, it is well known that his heart was extracted with the design of being preserved. The British physician who had charge of that wondrous organ, had deposited it in a silver basin, among water, and retired to rest, leaving two tapers burning beside it in his chamber. He confesses to his friends, while narrating the particulars, that he felt nervously anxious as the custodian of such a deposit: and though he reclined he did not sleep. While lying thus awake, he heard during the silence of the night, first a rustling noise, then a plunge among the water in the basin and then to the sound of an object falling with a rebound on the floor, all occurring with the quickness of thought. Dr. sprang from his bed, and the cause of the intrusion on his repose was soon explained—it was an enormous rat dragging the heart of Bonaparte to its hole. A few moments more, and that which before had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been found in even a more degrading position than the bust of Caesar stopping a beer barrel—it would have been devoured as the supper of a rat.

The Wyoming Monument.

This fine structure was completed some time since. The Wilkesbarre Farmer says:—"We boast that it is the work and design of the ladies of Wyoming Valley, by the aid of the friendly liberality of neighboring citizens. The shaft of the monument presents a heavy and tasteful granite column, simple and unadorned, but beautiful and substantial. It is a consecrated task to gather to one common sepulchre the last tangible remains of our sires, who have fallen in battle in defence of the freedom we now enjoy, and lift over the grave the everlasting memento. Tradition has taught us to hallow the deed. The traveller can still point to the tomb of Virgil, in the rocky seclusion of his native villa, and call to mind the thousand classic associations which hallow the name of the poet. And when the little phalanx of aged men who saw the early strifes of Wyoming, shall have gone to sleep, so that we can no more hear from their lips the vivid sketch and thrilling tale of those bloody times, our children can throng to the foot of this 'crown for the dead,' and learn the strange history of their fathers."

A Remarkable Child.

We copied a paragraph from the Rockville (Md.) Journal, a week ago, giving an account of a remarkable child with whiskers. A recent number of the Journal, after stating that its truth had been questioned, says—"Although we have not seen this wonderful prodigy, we can vouch for the truth of our statement from the facts we have gathered from respectable gentlemen who have seen it, as well as the attending physician. Instead of exaggeration in the description given us, we fell far short of the real truth. The child, which is now four weeks old, healthy and likely to live, has not only whiskers on both sides of his face, nearly meeting under the chin, and as long and as thick as any dandy would be proud of having, but his forehead, back, shoulders and breast are completely coated with hair as thick as lambs wool. As remarkable as this may seem, the facts are as we have stated them. The child is to be christened Esau Bushrod.

Prejudice.

All men are apt to have a conceit of their own understanding, to be tenacious of the opinions they profess; and yet almost all men are guided by the understandings of others, not by their own, and may be said more truly to adopt than to begot their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all, that universal pedagogue, custom, fill the mind with notions which it has no share in framing, which it receives as passively as it receives the impressions of outward objects, and which left to itself, it would never have framed, perhaps, or would have examined afterwards. Thus, prejudices are established by education, and habits by custom. We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves; and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised, or exercised in such trammels as constrain its motion, and direct its peace, till that which was artificial becomes in some sort natural; and the mind can go no further. It may sound oddly, but it is true in many cases, to say that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is, indeed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge, than from error. They who are in the least condition must, unless, before they can learn to any good purpose, and the first of this docile task is not, in many respects, the least difficult, for which reason it is seldom undertaken.

EASY BLOWS KILL THE DEVIL QUICKEST.

Persons engaged in effecting a moral reform, should remember that the manifestation of persecution and ill-feeling towards their neighbors is not the best way to effect their object.

Inns and Outs.

I'm out of cash, and so, of course,
I've pocket room to let;
I'm out of patience, just because,
I'm never out of debt;
Besides I'm dreadfully in love,
And more than half in doubt,
Which is the greatest evil, that
Of being in or out.

I'm deeply in my tailor's books,
But I don't mind a dun;
And if I wasn't out of funds,
I'd pay him out of fun.
He always gave me "fits," he said,
But heaven bless his eyes!
'T would put him in a fit, I guess,
He'd be in such surprise.

I'm out of elbows, in distress—
Ah! mine's a sorry tale!
I'm out of favor, out of sorts,
But then I'm out of jail,
My landlord says my time is out,
And thinks I'd better "shin."
I'm such an "out-and-outer," he
Won't have me in his inn.

I'm out of office, but in hopes
To get put in some day;
If I don't run for something soon,
I'll have to run away.
I'm out of spirits, and I'm out
Of more than I can think;
I'm out of temper, hang the pen!
Ye gods!—I'M OUT OF INK!

Lucky Escape of an Editor.

In the Pensacola Gazette we notice an account of a brother editor out West, who lately made a most lucky escape from the entanglements of the net matrimonial. The story goes that a very beautiful girl had captivated his fancy, and he was rapidly sinking into the hopeless state of far gone activeness. She was the daughter of a stranger who had lately rented a house right opposite our friend's den. He had watched her very frequently seated near the window, and had conceived the most extravagant notions of her personal beauty, adding, as a matter of course, all other possible accomplishments.

He put off, from day to day, his intentions of calling and being introduced; but at length, one evening, being completely carried away by the force of the tender sentiment, he ventured to knock at her father's door. No one appearing he repeated his blows with some vehemence, when a coarse and not very musical voice thus addressed him: "Look ye here, man, if you don't quit making that rumpus down thar and clear yourself, I'll send a feller as will wallop you in short order." Raising his eyes, he beheld his fair one leaning out of the window, shaking her fist at him as she spoke. He was struck dumb with astonishment, and stood for a minute riveted to the spot; but he soon recovered his senses, in a double sense, and made his escape (in a double sense,) upon which event he congratulated himself and the public in his next number.—N. O. Pic.

Rich.

At a locofoco convention recently held in Tippecanoe county, Indiana, a friend of Gen. Cass, presented the following preamble and resolution:—"Whereas, General Lewis Cass, emigrated to the West from New Hampshire in early life with his knapsack on his back, and unsheathed his sword in repelling the Indians from our Northwestern frontier, and in fighting against the British during the last war; Therefore, Resolved, That he ought to be supported by the Democratic party for President of the United States."

A bro't net Locofoco moved to amend the resolution, by striking out the name of "Lewis Cass," and inserting the name of "Martin Van Buren," which motion, after an animated discussion, prevailed. Some one called for the reading of the resolution as amended: whereupon, the secretary in a loud voice, commenced reading.

"Whereas General Martin Van Buren emigrated to the west from New Hampshire in early life with his knapsack on his back, and unsheathed his sword in repelling the Indians and fighting against the British."—

At this point the absurdity of the affair became manifest, and the same locofoco who moved the amendment, interrupted the Secretary by jumping to his feet, and exclaiming, in an embarrassed manner, "Tut, tut, tut, Mr. Chairman, that'll never do! I move to lay the whole affair on the table," and there it was laid accordingly.

Oil of love being put on the eyes, gives them a very soft, tender and languishing expression, warranted to be irresistible to any lady under seventy-five.

Singular Will.

An English miser lately died in London, leaving the following will: "I give and bequeath to my nephew my black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grand children, one of the earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed."

The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a manner no way flattering to him; and his sister, in a fit of anger gave the brown stone jug (her legacy) a kick, which broke it in pieces, when a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy; and the old black coat, the flannel waistcoat and the little earthen pots, were equally well filled—the testator having only wished to cause them an agreeable surprise.

GREASE SPOTS.—A correspondent of the Southwestern Farmer, who signs "J. E. W.," gives the following as a good recipe for taking grease spots out of clothing, &c. "Take the yolk of an egg, entirely free from the white, (be sure not to scald the egg,) and with a soft brush apply the mixture, and rub it on the spot until the grease appears removed or loose. Wash off the egg with moderately warm water, and finally rinse off the whole with clean cold water. Should not all the grease be removed, which may arise from being on a long time, or not sufficiently washed, dry and repeat the operation."

The writer of the above, says that a fine Merino shawl, which had been badly smeared with tar and grease, (gudgeon grease,) was perfectly cleaned by this process in a few minutes.

To PRESERVE CHEESE FROM MITES.

Real pepper so called, is a complete antidote against flies impregnating cheese, so far as to produce maggots. Take one and put it in a delicate piece of linen, moisten it with a little fresh butter, and rub your cheese frequently. It not only gives a very fine color to your cheese, but it is so pungent that no fly will touch it.

Sign of a Sir-ger.

"An' Cuff, will ye be af'her tipping us a little bit of a sang this mornin'?" exclaimed a son of the Emerald Isle to a brother of the sable race, a co laborer in the division and subdivision of wood.

"Golly, massa, I can't sing!"
"Can't sing! and what is yer leg stuck in the middle of yer fut for, like a bird's, if ye can't sing!"

"What do you call an impression?" asked a young lady of a typo.

"This," said he, kissing her, 'beautifully registered v. o.'"

"Then take that as a token of thanks," she replied, slapping him in the face.

"Pray don't butter my form," begged poor typo.

"Then keep it locked-up," retorted the miss.

"Ah! my good fellow where have you been for a week back?"

"For a week back! I have not been troubled with a week back, I thank you!"

"No, no, where have you been long back?"

"Long back! don't call me long back, you scoundrel!"

Obadiah only stopped to see the tall man knock down the short one!

A couple of foreigners, who had never enjoyed the pleasure of a sleigh ride, decided to indulge in that amusement, while sojourning at the Tremont House a while ago. A sleigh was ordered accordingly, and they were asked if they would have one or two buffaloes? "Why," said one of them very innocently, "as we are not used to this sport, I think one buffalo will be as much as we can manage unless they be very tame."—Boston Post.

The Ladies' Right this Year.

There is to be a 29th of February this year, which is commonly called leap year. We notice it for the benefit of our female readers, who have, as tradition goes, certain extraordinary privileges this year. Those born on the 29th of February behold the occurrence of a birthday once only in four years. Ladies have this year the right of being suitors, and "popping the question" themselves.

LONGEVITY.

We published, says the Albany Argus, a few days since, the fact that Mr. John Van Vorst, of Schenectady, had entered upon his 104th year. We have since been furnished with the ages of his children. All are living with the exception of Aaron, who was buried last week. The boys are aged as follows:—James 83, Gershom (formerly sheriff) 79, Aaron 71, John 64. There is also a daughter living, Mrs. Shuriff, who is aged 77. The father and oldest son are both revolutionary patriots.